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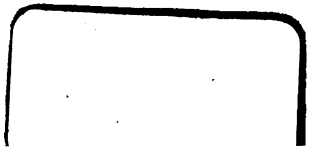

Sarah Marble -
Dec. 25th 1874.
A.R.C.

WELLS OF BACA;

OR,

SOLACES OF THE CHRISTIAN MOURNER,

AND

OTHER THOUGHTS ON BEREAVEMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE FAITHFUL PROMISER," "NIGHT WATCHES," &c., &c

"Who passing through the valley of BACA (*weeping*), make it a WELL." — *Psalm* lxxxiv. 6.

John Ross Mac Duff

BOSTON:
SHEPARD AND GILL.
1872.

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TO

THE BEREAVED CHRISTIAN,

MOURNING THE LOSS OF

THOSE WHO HAVE FALLEN "ASLEEP IN JESUS,"

This Tribute of Sympathy

IS INSCRIBED.

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PREFACE

TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

"EVERY heart knoweth its own bitterness," and "a stranger is not permitted to intermeddle,"—yet we are commanded to "bear one another's burdens;" and hence the law and duty of human sympathy. While it is true that there is a grief which no human power can relieve, and scarcely mitigate, it is no less true that the subjects of such grief are better fitted to endure their sorrow when assured of the tender sympathy of friends, than when left to pine away in lonely grief. Experience in the furnace of affliction is the best preparative to enable us to afford grateful succor to bereaved friends.

It is not well to shrink from society and refuse to be comforted. God chastens in love, and we do not wisely to close our eyes to the proofs of his goodness, or our ears to the consolatory suggestions of Christian friendship. By excluding friends

we often debar ourselves from much valuable consolation — while by bidding them welcome we ofttimes "entertain angels unawares."

We do well to weep in affliction, but not to abide in the "wells of weeping." We should go upon the Mount of Vision daily, that we may see the field of duty spread out before us, and may learn how to honor God and bless our race, even when smarting under the rod. Afflictions certainly fail to accomplish what God intends when they lead us to wrap ourselves up in selfish sorrow, and neglect to perform what Providence indicates as our duty, in the constant and energetic discharge of our regular calling.

Affliction does us good when it burns off the dross, and burnishes the gold for present use and beauty. "Our sorrow becomes excessive when it withdraws the heart from God; when it drives us from the path of ordinary duty; when it destroys our enjoyment of the comforts which remain; when it impairs our sympathy with the griefs or joys of others; when it checks us in prayer, or in the exercises of faith, and love, and gratitude to our God and Saviour. Such feelings of grief are evidently immoderate, and 'such sorrow worketh death.'"

The "WELLS OF BACA" is happily adapted to minister consolation to bruised and bleeding

nearts. It frankly admits the extent and depth of their sorrow, and tolerates a comparison between their past and present condition; it unfolds the nature of affliction, its source, and intent, and legitimate effect; while the furnace is exposed to view, the true solace is plainly pointed out, and the believer's crown is made to shine in Gospel purity and brilliancy.

This little volume has already afforded comfort to many sorrowing hearts, and has shown where alone the aching heads of God's afflicted children may find rest and ease. It is republished at the request of one who derived comfort from its perusal, and desired that it might be reprinted, that she might give a copy to her afflicted friends. May she — though now dead — be enabled by this little volume to address words of consolation to many stricken hearts.

ROXBURY, December, 1853.

God of the Mourner! round whose awful
Throne
Peal the Hosannahs of the Heavenly Choir!
Vouchsafe, in love, a feebler note to own
Of Earthly Minstrelsy! Do Thou inspire
The plaintive chords of an untutor'd Lyre,
Touch'd with a trembling hand and tearful eye;
And if one borrow'd spark of sacred fire
Should soothe a grief, or mitigate a sigh,
The Glory all be Thine—Thou Triune Deity

The Contrast.

WHO can unfold the secrets of the heart
Torn with bereavement? Sacred pangs are there
With which a stranger dare not intermeddle,
Too sad for utterance, too deep for tears!
Oh! how one blow can metamorphose life;
Transmute into the saddest what was once
The happiest home, and open bleeding wounds
Which Heaven alone can medicate! The *Past:*
What volumes that emphatic word contains
Of tender recollections! hallow'd hours,—
Soothing life's sorrows—sweetening its joys.
The *Future!* Once the calendar of bliss,
Its firmament bedeck'd with lustrous stars
Of brilliant promise, suddenly eclipsed;
Now treasuring in desolate perspective
Ills hitherto undreaded. Hear the verdict
Of the Bereaved spirit, on a World
Invested once with many nameless charms,
But now so sadly alter'd:—"That bright sun

May shine as brightly as it did before—
Its light seems dim to me! Those emerald fields,
And crested hills, and undulating slopes,
The shady groves, and softly-murmuring streams,
Where once, with joyous steps, I loved to rove,
A thousand scenes and images recall
Of happier hours irrevocably gone;
While faithful memory (sad chronicler
Of bygone bliss) invests the retrospect
With all but living truth. The melody
Of cherish'd voices seems to linger there;
Each sylvan footpath has its tear to claim,
And tale of buried love. Each rivulet
Warbles the music of some fond delights
Ne'er to return again. Once how I loved
To mark the changing year! each varying season
Revolving bliss. The winter's blazing hearth,
When the wild storm was revelling without,
Endearing all the more a cherish'd home.
But now in vain it wastes its crackling mirth
On the lone heart. More apposite appears
That sweeping tempest, rioting at will,
Wing'd with the thunder—in its wild career
Bearing destruction—Nature's bosom strewn

With trophies of its might. And yet, methinks,
Its burden'd sighs and moanings seem to lend
The broken heart a sympathy, which oft
A cold and selfish world denies! Or, when
The waning season's devastating blasts
Of rude continuance, made the eye to long
For the return of spring, how once I loved
To watch the footsteps of the new-born year!
The Earth (long sepulchred) emerging from
The Grave of Winter, and her winding-sheet
Of snow exchanging, to be deck'd anew
In emerald robes of renovated life.
The warbling choristers of wood and grove
That sung so late their plaintive Elegies,
As if Chief-Mourners o'er her Tomb, again
Vocal with praise! Ah! sadly, strangely sounds
To the bereaved heart such symphony!
These tuneless melodies by hill and dale,
Of pensive sorrow latent chords awake,
Which make the bosom powerless to respond
To Nature's joy! Where is the voice whose music
Was more to me than all the world beside?
The noonday sun his dazzling lustre pours,
These winged choristers now tune their notes

Around that Grave! The bursting loveliness
Of the incipient year, seems but to mock
The desolated spirit, which is destined
To know no spring-time. Universal nature
Starts from her slumber. But there is one sleep
Too deep to be disturb'd. One Ear remains
Closed to the summons! While th' imprison'd Earth
Bursts from her wintry dungeon, where the storm
And tempest (gloomy warders) guarded her,
This stern Custodier of captive millions
Alone denies surrender! Spring may clothe
The Churchyard's sacred sod with fresher verdure,
Or lend her glistening dews (expressive tear-drops)
To mingle their mute sympathy, and wail
Life's tender blossoms blighted in the bud;
But her reanimating voice in vain
Evokes the ashes slumbering underneath!

"Oh! happy peasant! When thy daily task
Of weary toil is ove , how I envy
Thy cheerful step and artless rustic strains,
(Faithful exponents!) oft, as homewards tending
On Summer eve, to meet the joyous welcome

To affluence oft denied—the mirthful glee
Of *an unbroken circle*—word unknown
In many a lordly hall and proud demesne."

But hush these plaintive musings—all thy tears
Cannot weep back the buried! True, at times
Nature expression to her brooding grief
Must be permitted. Cold indeed the heart
That would presume the tribute to refuse
Of friendship's tenderness to friendship's wor'h,
And libel it unmanliness to mourn!
There is a sacred luxury in tears
None but the lacerated bosom knows.
If Stoical philosophy forbid
Their gentle flow, go mark at Bethany
The wondrous tear-drops of the Man of Sorrows.
Mourner, be this thy warrant, "*Jesus Wept!*"

Yet be it thine to check superfluous grief;
And, if the pensive spirit love to linger
On treasured recollections, waste not thoughts,
Indulge not vain regrets, on happiness
Beyond recall; but read emphatic lessons
For ever reading, yet how hard to learn!)

In Earth's delusive pleasures,—airy bubbles
Dancing their little moment on the stream,
Then vanishing for ever;—plants which fade
(Like the recorded gourd of Nineveh)
Just when most needed; breeding their own worm
And, in their freshness, yielding to decay!

Go! estimate amid the humbling wrecks
Of broken cisterns and of blighted joys,
The worth of the vain world which has deceived
thee.
Strange, that it should so long with Siren voice
Have lullaby'd thy spirit, weaving dreams
Of visionary bliss around thy path,—
Baseless enchantments, ne'er to know fruition!
The *World!* 'Tis but a synonyme for change.
As well recline thy head upon the surge,
The ever-varying billow. Like the Dove
Which, of old, track'd a wilderness of waves,
With weary pinion and with wailing cry,
Roaming the waste to find a leafy bough
Whereon to set its foot; so does the Soul
(Pluming immortal pinions for the flight)
Traverse the world's tumultuous sea in vain

To find a resting-place—"It findeth none!"
Life is one scene of Tempest! There may be
Lulls in the sweeping storm—the alternations
Of cloud and sunshine; but no more than gleams:
Not the true lustre of the fixed star;
Rather the fitful meteoric glare,
One moment dazzling with its lurid light,
The next all dark, and, by the power of contrast,
Darkness more sensible! E'en when the cup
Of life is fullest, is it not enough
To mar its brightest hour of festive joy
(As did the characters of living fire,
Which gleam'd of old amid the revelries
Of Chaldee's lords)—the possibility
That Death *may* soon, the certainty he *must*
At some time come, and write his MENE TEKEL
Upon the clay-built walls? The tie to life
How frail! There is, between us and the grave,
Nought but a breath! To-day the bark may spread
Her canvas to the gale; all may presage
A prosp'rous voyage, fann'd by gentle zephyrs.
One creaking plank the morrow may reveal!
Seal'd is her doom; the starting timber yields,
And down she sinks into the eddying wave,

A shatter'd wreck! Oh! whither shall we flee,
'Mid the convulsion of these thick'ning storms
(This heaving ocean of vicissitude),
To find some quiet haven of repose
Safe from the tempest shock? Lo! from an Ark
Riding triumphant o'er the angry deep,
Accents of love proceed! It is the voice
Of an unchanging God, changeless alone
Amid all change! Oh, blessed hiding-place!
As louder raged the hurricane of old,
And mightier was the flow of gushing waters
On a submerged Earth, the higher rose
Upon the bosom of the foaming surge,
Proof to the roar of elemental war,
The Patriarch's ark; so, Christian Mourner! safe
Within thy Cov'nant Shelter, wave on wave
May roll successive over thee, as if
The rifled fountains of the deep were suffer'd
To riot at their pleasure; but each billow
Uplifts thee farther from the Shores of Time
Nearer thy God; and as behind thou leav'st
A devastated Earth, Faith elevates
Above the wrecks of sublunary bliss,
And brings thee to the golden gates of Heaven!

The Retrospect.

Oh! selfish tears! who would unglorify
The Sainted Pilgrim? His unruffled bliss
Disturb, and pluck the crown from off his brow,
To bring him back to earth?——"We sorrow not
As those who have no hope."—Fallen he has
"Asleep in Jesus!" pillow'd on the bosom
Of uncreated Love! basking for ever
Beneath the sunshine of Jehovah's smile.
Sorrows all ended—wiped from every eye
The ling'ring tear-drop—immortality
Begun; a golden harp, and sparkling crown,
And palm unfading; with Immanuel's praise
The tongue seraphic—(ever-deep'ning anthems
Of which imagination cannot catch
The distant echo!) Shall the selfishness
Of earthly sorrow interrupt that song,
Or break that holy rest? "Asleep in Jesus!"
(What music in the words!) Hark to the strain
In gentle cadence stealing from the skies:—

"Mourners! why shed for me mistaken tears?
If ye did love me, ye would now rejoice,
Because I said, I go unto my Father!"

Wondrous transition in life's closing hour!
The burden'd Pilgrim of his Cross released,
And carried to his Crown! Upon a world
Of woe, Earth's curtain falling, to arise
Anew on realms of glory! Who, with heart
Unmoved, can gaze upon the solemn scene
Of nature's dissolution? Who forget
Those moments — more like hours — of dread suspense,
When, seated with a bursting tide of anguish
By the toss'd pillow of some loved one's couch,
Watching the herald symptoms of the tomb
Fast gathering around! The Lamp of Life
Is feebly flickering; upon the brink
Of a receding world the Spirit hovers;
The sand-glass hastens to its final grain!
'Tis the last struggle! Yet, oh! can it be?
Nature recoils from the sad inference!
Fallacious hope still clings — but clings in vain —
To every beat of the exhausted pulse!

It is—it is too true! The conflict's o'er——
Mourner! that moment's pang of agony
Tongue ne'er can tell, when call'd, with trembling
lips,
A sad farewell to lisp! thy spirit lone
Drifting on life's rude sea a shatter'd wreck!

Yet tell me what thy spirit first assuaged,
When the fresh torrent of thy grief had spent
Its rolling tears? Say, was it not to soar
Upon the wings of faith, and hear the voi
Silent on earth—uniting in the songs
Of Heav'n? That Saint has wept his final tear—
Heaved his last pang!—Earth's closing draugh
of sorrow
Has been exhausted; open'd have these eyes
Upon the glories of a tearless world!
The ear insensible to earthly sounds
Has caught celestial melody, and Death
Has proved the harbinger of endless bliss,—
The Birthday of Eternity! The hour
Which marks the close of his existence here.
In truth, the Christian's life (as charter'd heir
And denizen of Immortality),

Begins. And if we festive keep the day
Of the frail body's entrance into life,
And earthly friends are gather'd in to offer
Their joyous gratulations, shall it be
With tears we celebrate the natal hour
Of the undying spirit, entering
A Sinless, Deathless, Sorrowless for-ever?

Earth may indulge in tears, but Heaven has none.

The doleful sackcloth'd chamber may resound
With lamentation; but that sad farewell
Has waken'd up a Jubilee on high;
And the glad accents burst from every tongue:—
"Welcome an heir of Immortality!"

Bereaved Mother! mourning o'er the loss
Of a departed child,—a Flower soon pluck'd
(But not too soon for glory), which distill'd
Celestial fragrance on thy path below,
Weep not! but let thy envied boast be this,—
"I am the parent of a ransom'd Saint!"
Bright Beacon-light, set on the Heavenly shore,
To which in many a deep, dark night of sorrow,

Oft thou may'st turn thine eye; its hallow'd
radiance
Cheering thy shatter'd bark across the waves
Betwixt thee intervening and the haven
Of thine eternal rest! Thrice sacred tie!
That Spirit, which delighted while on earth,
Like the magnetic needle to its pole,
To point thee oft to Jesus, still directs
To the same glorious Source of heavenly love,
Of joy in sorrow, victory in death!
Oh! is it no incentive when thou think'st
That in the lustrous crowd of Witnesses
Which line the battlements on high, are those
Who lighted once with their perennial smile
This wilderness—still from their lofty seats,
Stooping to woo us with their crowns of bliss?
The Bride says, "Come!"—A sweetly-mingled
voice
Of sainted Parents—Brothers, Sisters—Friends,
Stealing in holy music from the skies
(In the soft whispers of celestial love),
And telling, though they "cannot come to us,"
There is a meeting-place in brighter climes,
Which knows no parting!

To that ransom'd one,
The "why" and "wherefore" of God's mystic
dealings,
Already is unfolded: That which clothed
An earthly home in sadness, will to him
Radiant be now with cov'nant love; great ends
And righteous purposes therein reveal'd,
Almost by intuition, which will give
New matter and new theme for endless praise!
While we, short-sighted mortals, "through a glass
Darkly beholding," often thus exclaim:
"Great God! thy judgments are a mighty deep!"
Oh! as the glorified behold His ways
Seen in the Mirror of Eternity,
It is the golden harp with bolder hand
To sweep, and swell the chorus of the Skies,
"All Holy! Holy! Holy! is the Lord!"

But if the Spirit's blessedness be such,
What of the body?—mortal tenement
Mortal and frail), yet loved—oh! yes, how loved!
Each feature pencill'd as with living light
On the Soul's tablets ineffaceable,
Smiles that can never die! Say, can it be

That all now left of these is memory?
Say, as thou stood'st amid the crowd of Mourners
Around the silent grave, busied each eye
Writing with tears a deeper epitaph
Than human hand e'er wrote or chisel traced;
When the descending earth (as if it join'd
With hollow voice to chaunt the requiem)
Drew the dull echo from the coffin-lid,
Proclaiming that the "dust had now return'd
To dust!" Say, was that death-sound a farewell
That closed your eyes for ever on the form
You cherish'd once so fondly?—God forbid!
That crumbling framework crumbles but to live!
Immanuel's blood, which bought the Soul, has paid
The ransom of the body. Does not faith
The startling notes anticipate,—the trump
Which is to wake the echoes of the world,
And from their mansions, mould'ring in cold clay
Evoke the slumb'ring myriads? The dust
Of ages lives! "With Immortality
The mortal's clothed," and "swallow'd up is Death
In Victory!" The Body "*sleeps*," yet not
In an eternal night—(cheerless extinction
That knows no morn!)—But like the chrysalis

Lying embedded in its torpid shell,
Escaping winter storms to burst anew
With wings expanded in the glorious light
Of an unclouded Summer; from the flowers
Which bloom unfading loveliness, to cull
Immortal fragrance! Say not, then, that o'er
The dying moments of thy Friend was wept
A last adieu, and that the heavy word
"*Farewell!*" was burden'd with the awful thought,—
"This parting is *for ever.*" Say not, there
Thou didst receive the closing look of love;
And that the grasp which told of an affection
Death could not quench, was to be felt no more!
No! for these clay-cold lips with deathless smiles
Shall be relighted, and these rayless eyes!
And with a glorious similitude
Each feature shall remind thee of earth's love,
With this distinction, that they cannot fade!
Thine ears, once more, shall listen to the voice
Whose music soothed thee oft below, attuned
For higher themes and loftier minstrelsy;
Hand link'd in hand, climbing the upward steep
Of Zion hill, with mutual joy recounting

Jehovah's dealings, since the day which sever'd
Earth's bonds of love. But, oh! the rapt'rous bliss,
To think these bonds can now no more be broken!
Exulting in espousals which can know
No dissolution; underneath the throne
Bathed in the full-orb'd glory of your God!

I love to think of this identity
Between the Saint on earth and Saint in heaven.
That soul and body (only glorified
And liberate from sin) shall rise the same
As once they moved while here! Each holy trait
Which may adorn the character below,—
The tenderness and love of guileless nature,—
Shall not be lost, but made susceptible
Of infinite progression, shall attain
Their full development. That sacred glow
Of sensibility which shed on earth
A halo round the spirit:—warm emotions,
Once lavish'd on the creature of a day,—
Shall with increasing fervour gravitate
Towards the great Creator! Intellect
With energies immortal, fathoming
Perfections infinite—Redeeming Love!
Uniting in the anthem-peal, whose thunders

Ten thousand times ten thousand voices swell,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Repose, then, Precious clay!
Thou art in safer custody than mine,
The purchase of atoning blood! What though
The sods of earth now cover thee, and rage
The elements around thee? Angels watch
The sleeping dust; nay, more, Omnipotence
Is th' invisible Guardian of thy tomb!
JESUS! The Mighty Conqueror of Death,
Who felt its pow'r and pluck'd its sting away,
Drying our tears, addresses us in words
Which glow with immortality: "Fear not!
For I am He that liveth and was dead,
Behold! I am alive forevermore;
And in my hand retain the Keys of Death!"
Then looking forward through the dim perspective
Of this dark Vale of weeping, let the eye
Rest on the splendours of that cloudless morn,
When the Archangel's pealing notes shall startle
A slumb'ring earth; the Sea and Land restore
At the loud summons what they hold in trust,
And o'er a renovated world resound
The pæans of Eternal Victory!

The Man of Sorrows.

OH! BLESSED SOLACE! 'Tis a Father's rod—
No rod of wrath, but of unchanging love.
No stroke inflicted which He could have spared!
Infinite Wisdom has with Love combined
To make the blow accomplish—and no more—
Its salutary End. A *Father's* rod!
The thought represses ev'ry falling tear,
Checks ev'ry murmur, mitigates each pang.
Unerring parent!—Mourner! can you doubt
His Faithfulness? Then look to Calvary!
Behold that bleeding, dying Lamb of God!
'Twas love for *Thee* that sent Him from His throne,
The bosom of Paternal love (whereon
His head was pillow'd from Eternity),
And nail'd Him there! 'Twas love for THEE evoked
The fearful summons from the lips of Justice:
"Awake, O sword!" and the avenging weapon
Refused to slumber in its sheath, till drench'd

In blood to which Divinity gave worth!
Omnipotence Itself (to speak with awe)
Could, of supreme affection, give no pledge
Higher than this. And dare we entertain
The thought, that He, whose nature and whose name
Is LOVE,—could send us one superfluous pang,
Impose a needless burden, or permit
The thorn to pierce, He knew would pierce in vain?
That Cross becomes the blessed guarantee
That all is needed! Mercy infinite
Prevents one drop from mingling in the cup
Which could have been withheld. Thou God of Love!
Vouchsafe us grace to bow beneath Thy Rod;
And breathe (although it be through burning tears,
And half-choked utterance)—"Thy will be done!"
"Even so, Father! for it seemeth good
To Thee!"—And, oh! forbid that whatsoe'er
Thy Wisdom may appoint, should from our hearts
Draw one repining or rebellious sigh.
"I will be dumb, and open not my mouth,

Because THOU didst it!"—and it must be well—
"Although Thou slay me, yet I'll trust in Thee!"

Oh! Holy Man of Sorrows! dare I breathe
One murmuring sentence? What this Cross of mine
Beside that Cross Thou didst endure for me?
A few brief tears and transient sufferings
Compose my sum of trials; but Thy woes
Claim, as exponents, Mighty drops of Blood!
Unanswerable challenge from the lips
Of the Almightiest of all Sufferers,
"Was ever any sorrow like to Mine?"
Afflicted Mourner! bitter though the cup
Which thou art call'd to drink—"CONSIDER HIM"
Who drain'd the wine-cup of His Father's wrath;
Whilst from His anguish'd Soul was wrung the cry
Which robed the Sun in sackcloth, and made Earth
Affrighted heave convulsive to her core,
As if her pillars trembled to support
The Cross where hung her Maker! What are
The complex suff'rings of a suffering world?
Dust in the balance when compared to this!
Mournful howe'er thy history, although

'Tis written (like the plaintive prophet's roll)
In characters of mourning and of woe,
Telling of rifled households—aching hearts—
The tear scarce dried when call'd to flow again;—
Yet, what thy gloomiest seasons, when compared
With the Cimmerian darkness which impall'd
His agoniséd bosom?—when the Sun
Of Deity was shrouded in eclipse,
And hid the countenance which from Eternity
Beam'd love ineffable! Oh, Child of God!
Ne'er can there issue from thy quiv'ring lips
The anguish'd cry which once arose from *His*—
"*My God!* why thus hast THOU forsaken Me?"

Yes, Mourner! thou hast still thy Cov'nant God.
Die whoe'er may, HE LIVES!—That thought is bliss!
Amid the ruins of thine Earthly joys,
This portion still survives—*Omnipotence!*
And surely, with a portion such as this,
Thou need'st no other! Blessed compensation!
When the Eternal God the cistern shivers,
That He, the blessed Fountain-head, may come
To take its place, and be the "All in all!"

Behold, there sits upon the throne of Heaven
A sympathising "KINSMAN!" Not a pang
Can rend thy bosom, but He felt the same!
In all thy sufferings, think that "Jesus suffer'd!"
In all thy tears, remember "Jesus Wept!"
Rejoice—the pulses of that Mighty Heart
Upwards in glory, vibrate to thine own
Responsive; and though inaccessible
He sits enthroned, and myriad ransom'd ones,
Casting their blood-bought crowns before His feet,
Swell the loud anthem, "Worthy is the Lamb!"
Yet undergoes no change that Heart of Love,
Nor, 'mid the blaze of glory, can forget
One Pilgrim Sufferer! Those eyes that shed
O'er human grave a flood of human tears,
Still look with pity on this desert world;
And Bethany's Chief Mourner still is thine!

Go! search the catalogue of human woes,
And say what Cross there can be laid on thee,
The Man of Sorrows felt not? Calumny—
Reproach—Ingratitude—the death of loved—
The treachery of trusted followers—
Faithless desertion of His tried disciples,

When needed most. Behold Him forced to beg
A cup of Water from the profligate
He ransom'd with His blood! See Poverty
His only birthright! Houseless wanderer!
Oft His unpillow'd head denied repose.
While foxes had their holes—the birds their nests—
Oft was the mount His home, His couch the sod,
His canopy the Sky!—Behold His Soul,
Bowing in anguish underneath a woe
Tongue cannot tell, when o'er him burst a cloud
Surcharged and blacken'd with His "FATHER'S' wrath!
Behold Him nail'd in anguish to the Tree!
Mark the convulsive throb—the closing eye—
The quiv'ring lip—and the expiring groan!
MESSIAH DIES!—Is not the hour of death
Thus sanctified by Death's great Conqueror,
Who, as he vanquish'd, felt Himself the sting
He died to pluck away? Who, then, can dread
To meet the foe their Lord hath overcome?
Who on the willows of the grave can hang
His Harp disconsolate? Tuned are its chords
By this Almighty Sufferer, to words

Whose sweetest melody in this consists,
That HE THAT PATH HAS TROD!—"Yea, though the Vale
Of death alone I tread—(yet not alone,
For THOU art with me)—I shall fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff shall comfort me!"

I love
To think, as King of kings, upon the Throne
Of Universal Empire seated is
The God-Man Mediator!—With the Roll
Of Mystic Providence committed safe
Into HIS hands! In all His vast domain
Nothing too great to be beyond His sway,
Nothing too mean to be beneath His care!
While it is He who wheels in realms of ether
Worlds upon worlds; gives to the wand'ring comet
Its tortuous course, tracking immensity,
In cycles measuring a thousand years;
'Tis He who "feeds the ravens when they cry,"
Pencils the hue of ev'ry desert flower;
Its summer verdure upon ev'ry blade
Of grass bestows; of ev'ry forest leaf

The fall He watches; and of ev'ry pulse
He marks the beat! The swarming myriads
In boundless space each movement owe to Him
From the small insect fluttering in the breeze,
Up to the waving of the Angels' wings
Before the Throne! Away! ye votaries
That raise your altar to an "Unknown God!"
Ye deify as *Chance* and *Accident*,
And call His will "inexorable fate!"
There is no chance-work in the oracle
Of Righteous Heaven!—Each high behest comes forth
The Ordination and Supreme decree
Of Wisdom, Love, and Mercy infinite!
The Parent mourns his Child's untimely end
With aching heart;—the idol of his bosom
Snatch'd from him in the twinkling of an eye!
Was it the lightning-flash that struck him down?
Traced was the lightning's wingéd path by God!
Was it the waves engulph'd him? Every billow
Roll'd at the bidding of Omnipotence!
Was it disease that hurried him away?
The worm unseen which sapp'd the treasured gourd,

Was sent by HIM! This is the history
Of every death: "The suffering God ordain'd—
Prepared the sable shroud—and dug the grave!"
Our times are in His hands, and at the hour
He thinks befitting, but no sooner, He
Our Breath recalls.—'Tis His prerogative
To do with us and ours as pleaseth Him;
We could not be in safer custody.
Jesus our Shepherd!—choosing us our pasture,
Selecting with unerring faithfulness
And tender love, for each their earthly lot.
Left to ourselves, how oft might we incline
To choose the evil and refuse the good!
Christian! rejoice that though His way may seem
Often mysterious, as He led His Saints
Of old, He leads thee still, in faithfulness.
Trust Him in darkness! He will vindicate
All his procedure, and receive at last
The homage from ten thousand thousand tongues,
"Righteous art Thou! O Lord!"

Exalted Jesus!
Wielding Creation's sceptre, unto whom
Can I commit my everlasting all,

If not to Thee? How wondrously uniting
Divinity with Human tenderness!
While myriad Angels from Eternity
Adored Thee, fearless in Thine arms there smiled
The helpless Babe! Amid a varying world,
Thyself alone continuing unchanged;
Among the faithless, Faithful to the last!
"Thou, for Adversity the Brother born,"
"The Friend that cleaveth closer than a Brother!"
His not a formal world's cold interchange
Of sympathy (unworthy of the name);
Into our every sorrow He can enter
With sensibilities none else can feel.
Oh! blessed thought! Immanuel's heart combines
The Might of Godhead with Humanity
In all its tenderness. The God who counts
The number of the stars, can also count
The number of my sorrows, for Himself
Has felt them all! The mightiest of all Beings
Is thus the kindest! I can upwards look
In trembling transport to His throne, and say,
"God! yet my Brother! Brother! yet my God!"

The Gourd.

God is a Jealous God, and cannot give
His Glory to another! Earthly love
Must be subordinate to that of Heaven,
Or else must die! The throne of the affections
Must be surrender'd to the King of kings,
And can admit no rival occupant;
Omnipotence must legislate supreme,
And be the All in All! The earthly Gourd
It is permitted thee to cherish fondly,
But not too fondly;—to be glad for it;
But warning accents from the blighted booth
Of Nineveh, forbid thee to be glad
"Exceedingly." If treasured as the pledge
Of thy Creator's love, then all is well;
The boon attains the end for which bestow'd,—
The Giver glorified! But when it tends

To alienate affections which are His,
Seal'd is its doom, and bows the cumberer
Before the wingéd sentence, "Cut it down!"
How oft, in one brief day, the canker-worm
Has thus perform'd its work, and round the bower
Of earthly bliss lie strewn the sad rebukes
Of overweening love—the wither'd blossoms
Cherish'd too fondly! Traitor to thy trust!
Thou didst receive thy Gourd to draw thee upwards;
It wedded thee to earth, and therefore fell!
Thou must be taught by the severest lessons,
That God permits of no competing love:—
"The idol must be utterly abolish'd!"

How many bleeding bosoms have been open'd
By these clay-idols, Dagons that must fall
Before the ark! Unless we rather choose
(Fearful alternative!) that God give place
To these our Dagons, and thus forfeit Heav'n
For some poor child of dust. Christian! rejoice,
That the decision of this question lies
Not with thyself; or else, alas! how oft
Imperishable interests would be made

Do homage at some shrine of creature-love!—
The altar kiss of some clay-deity,
And barter immortality for Time!

Thy Gourd has fallen! Yet had its kindly shade
Been spared for future years to bless thy bower,
It would have lived but only to decay.
Those bursting buds and blossoms, early pluck'd
(Say not *too* early), would at last have dropp'd
As wither'd flowers. Let the Great Husbandman
Select the time to take His own; and if
For transplantation He may deem it fit,
Before the chilling frosts of life have nipp'd it,
Would'st thou retain it longer in the blasts
Of an ungenial clime? Be thine to praise Him,
That, in selecting for the severing blow,
He took the ripest for Himself. The tree
Mark'd for the axe was not the cumberer—
The leafless, fruitless, unproductive one,
Fit fuel for the fire: No,—*It* is spared
(In mercy spared), to see if, peradventure,
The sharp incisions of the pruning-knife
May fructify its boughs. 'Tis the exotic
Which has been taken to a kindlier soil,

To bloom unfading in far happier climes,
Where tempest is unknown! Think of the storms
That tender sapling has in love been saved;
Although, perchance, unfretted with a cloud
Up to the hour it fell; who could predict
What might be brooding in the far horizon,—
What travailings and sorrows might be pent
Within the womb of Time? Who could foretell
That ere to-morrow's sun had run his race,
Some hurricane, now slumb'ring, forth might speed
In giant might, its footsteps track'd with woe,
Blighting all loveliness; reminding us
That cloudless sunshine trusted cannot be
On this side Heav'n?

Then weep not; but alike
Adore a "taking" and a "giving" God.
Deem not these blossoms prematurely pluck'd.
Let those who make this fleeting earth their all,
And its horizon bound their happiness,
Talk of *untimely Graves!* No flower can drop
Too soon, if ripe for glory. Early pluck'd,
Is early bliss. If the great clock of time

Has in life's dawn of morning toll'd its knell,
And number'd earthly hours, it hastens Heaven.
An early death-bed is an early Crown!
Now unfulfill'd one wish alone remains,—
That those beloved on earth, endear'd by bonds
Defying dissolution, left behind
To rough the winter's blast, may soon arise,
The deathless glory of the soul to share,
"Not lost, but gone before."

Often methinks
Upon the striking contrast in the way
That Earth and Heaven the closing scene of death
Regard. On *Earth*,—a spectacle of tears!
Bedew'd each cheek, and swollen every eye;
In speechless agony, each knee is bent
Round the saint's couch, importunate for life,
While still life's pulses beat. In *Heaven*,—a prayer
Is utter'd also for the dying one
By mightier than mortal Intercessor;
Immanuel pleads; but His is not the prayer
For an extension of the transient breath;
He pleads for life immortal as His own.

While from below ascend the burden'd sighs
Of weeping relatives, 'tis thus He prays:
"Father, I WILL!" (Oh! blessed thought! it is
The *will* of dying, ever-living love!
Who would not trust it, if they cannot trace?)
"Father, I WILL this dying sufferer
I have redeem'd, be with Me where I am,
To share the glory Thou hast given Me."
The prayer is heard! Omnipotence responds—
"SON, Thou art ever with Me, all I have
Is Thine." To execute the embassy,
Eager, a glorious retinue attend.
"Go, Angels,—speed ye to the dying pillow,
And waft the spirit into Abraham's bosom!"

Say, Mourner, wouldst thou have preferr'd that heard
Had been the prayer of Earth, or that of Heaven!
Eternal bliss deferr'd, or realised?
The Cross continued, or the Kingdom won?
Warfare protracted, or eternal *rest*?
Keep in abeyance selfish love, and say
Wouldst thou arrest these bright celestials,
As up they bear their trophy to the skies,

And bring him back to earth? Couldst thou
entreat
The Righteous Intercessor to revoke
This wondrous "WILL," and at the gate of Heaven,
When Victory was bursting on his lips,
Recall the sainted Pilgrim, to resume
The din of Battle, and the Vale of Tears?

The Furnace.

Your fiery trials, followers of Him
Who was "the Man of Sorrows," deem not strange
"No Cross, no Crown!" the motto still remains
Of every Pilgrim; and the oracle
Of Heaven is unrepeal'd:—"Deny thyself,
Take up thy Cross, and daily follow Me."
'Tis in affliction's furnace, as of old,
He loves to choose His people; and although
These desolating trials may appear
To the unthinking crowd inexplicable,
Like the mysterious column, whose red glow
Illumed of old the desert wilderness
To cov'nant Israel, but lent no ray
Of guiding light to the pursuing hosts
Of Egypt,—so before a wond'ring world,
Mystic and dark, the dealings of our God
Are bright with mercy to His chosen ones,

The emanations of eternal love.
Yes! Blessed Lord, Thy preciousness and grace
Ne'er can the Christian estimate, till brought
To taste the bitter cup of earthly sorrow.
Thy Promises how wondrous! Like the stars
Sparkling as jewels on the brow of Night,
Invisible until the orb of day
Sinks in his couch. So not until the Sun
Of fondly-treasured comforts disappear,
The firmament of Truth a galaxy
Displays of brilliant promises, which, like
The glow-worm, shine most brightly in the dark.

Bereaved Mourner! call'd to take thy stand
Amid the scorching flames, didst thou not see
"One in the Furnace like the Son of God,"
Whose gracious presence caused thee pass unscathed
The fiery ordeal? Approach'd, perchance,
Trembling with awe, like those who "fear'd to enter"
The cloud on Tabor; yet, on ent'ring it,
What sights and sounds burst on their ravish'd senses!

A Glorified Redeemer!—vista-views
Of bliss!—each tongue exclaiming, "Lord, 'tis
good
For us to linger here!" So oft when call'd
To climb the Mount of Trial, hast thou not
Refreshing hours enjoy'd, ev'n in the cloud
That frown'd in terror o'er thee? Did not here
There burst on thee in bright apocalypse
Resplendent visions of redeeming grace,
The antepast of Heaven; and made thee feel
Almost in love with grief, because unfolding
So much more of thy God? The countenance
Of earthly relatives may be withdrawn,
As was the voice of the twin delegates
On Tabor's Mount; but, like the "Three," thou has
Thy Best Friend left. Dissolv'd though human ties
Jesus along with thee the Mount descends,
Vouchsafing fellowship that knows no change,
And love that cannot die (consoling words!)—
"Lo! 'I am with you, to the end of Time!'"

Fear thou not, then, this Furnace, for HE lights
it,
Not to destroy, but only to refine;

To purify the gold, and purge away
The dross, and fit for glory. Wondrous thought!
The Great Refiner seated by the Fires,
Temp'ring their fury! Few amid the throng
Of ransom'd spirits have not felt their power.
Go upwards; pass along their bright array,
And let the Blood-bought myriads themselves
Bear living testimony. One can tell:
"Once was I ruining my precious Soul;
Eternity was barter'd for the baubles
Of a vain, transient world. God struck me down
Blighted my prospects, wither'd up my gourds,
Laid my clay-idols in their mother dust,
And o'er the precincts of a happy home
Spread the eclipse of Death! 'Deep call'd to deep.'
Tear follow'd tear, as wave succeeds to wave;
But 'All is well.' Each trial did but sever
The earthly tie, to rivet me to Heaven—
Shiver'd the reed, to bring me to the Rock,
And give to God Himself the creature's place!"
Another one can tell: "I lov'd my Gold;
Deified Riches—made my idol Mammon:
God wrote its Verdict: 'Gold which perisheth!

It mock'd the hand which grasp'd it; but its loss
Led me to value treasure which no time
Corrodes, nor moth corrupts; laid up in Christ
'Riches unsearchable' beyond the wealth
Of worlds!" Another there can tell: "The Sun
Of Earth too brightly shone, and with false glow
The lustre intercepted of a land
Whose atmosphere is love. Upon a couch
Of languishing God laid me; weary days
And nights of pain were mine. Now for each stroke
I praise Him! It was needful discipline—
To wean my spirit from the shadowy dreams
Of a vain world. The Harp which when on Earth,
Broken with sorrow, hung upon the willows
Tuneless and mute, I now rejoice to sweep
Its new-strung chords, to own the faithfulness
And love which wrung each tear-drop from my eye!"

Exceptions rare there may, indeed, be found
To this appointed discipline of Heaven.
Some gentle spirit purified for bliss,
Not in the Fire, but by the "still small voice"

Of love, a Jewel for Immanuel's crown
Prepared. Of old, when Salem's Temple rose
In strange majestie silence, "neither hammer
Nor sound of axe, nor other tool, was heard"
Within the stately fabric: So at times
The hammer of affliction scarce the stone
May feel, and yet 'tis polish'd and made meet
For the Great Builder's use; the spirit wafted,
Like Israel's prophet in his car of fire,
Upwards to glory, tasting scarce the pangs
Of human woe! Unwonted case! to reach
The heavenly goal uncover'd with the scars
Of Earthly Battle! Christian Combatant!
The conflict is unchanged. Who would the path
Of suffering avoid his Saviour trod,
Or claim immunity from woe, when HE
Attain'd *His* crown with "garments roll'd in blood"?

Nowhere canst thou so magnify thy God
As in the Furnace-fires! Submissive tears
Wrung from the grieved yet unrepining heart,
In silent eloquence proclaim the power
Of Christian faith;—a living evidence

To an ungodly world, that Gospel peace
Is no vague theory. Mourner in Zion!
In this thou hast a mean of glorifying
The Lord who loved thee angels cannot have.
Meek acquiescence is a grace unknown
In Heav'n, where trial enters not. No cup
Of anguish'd sorrow there to drink, no tears
Through which with murmuring lips to breathe,
"Father, Thy will be done!" Oh, may'st thou no
(If thy submission has one Sinner led
To magnify the grace which thee sustain'd
So wondrously) with humble praise rejoice?
And, looking forward to Eternity,
Would not thy sorest tribulations prove
Their own best recompence, if, through the years
Of never-ending bliss, one voice were heard
To own that these thy Sorrows, sanctified,
Had proved the means of leading it to Heaven?

Mine be the Cross, however hard to bear!
Oh, shall I not be willing to endure
Whate'er my God sees meet? How many plants
Before emitting fragrance must be bruised?
So must the soul. Endure I rather would

The sharpest cuttings of the pruning-knife—
Be stripp'd of all I have, than "left alone,"
Abandon'd Cumberer! Yes, rather far
Encounter fiercest hurricanes, than have
The bark which bears immortal destinies
Lull'd in the treach'rous calm, and suffer'd there
To sleep upon its shadows—fearful prelude
To an eternal tempest! Welcome storm
Which sends the Christian Pilot to his knees,
And, in a midnight of tempestuous gloom,
Directs the eye of faith, with longing gaze,
Upon the Star of Bethlehem! 'Twas not
Until the wind roused in tumultuous wrath
Gennesaret, the faithless mariners
Importunate awoke their sleeping Lord,
And forth the fiat of Omnipotence
Lull'd every angry wave. Oh! blessed end
Of sanctified affliction; brought to call
Upon our Heavenly Pilot, and to listen
The Almighty Mandate, "Peace; be still!"

This reconciles to every tempest-shock:
"Each crested billow wafts me nearer rest!"
Safe in that haven which no wave disturbs,

The retrospect of life's disquietudes
Will then unfold a "need be" in each storm,—
Unmingled mercy in each falling tear.
Yes, gracious, precious drops! I grudge not one;
Dimming the eye to a dark land of Shadows,
But bright with sunshine from a tearless world,
Where the same gentle hand which made them flow
In tenderness shall wipe them all away!

Then shall the lacerating thorn be weaved
Amid the dearest laurels of my crown;
The brightest gem which sparkles there shall own
Affliction's polish; and th' Eternal Song
Shall louder, deeper, and still deeper roll
By reason of such sorrows, whose existence,
Weigh'd in the Scales of Immortality,
Shall then appear but light and momentary,
And an amount of glory "working out,"
Beyond what "eye hath seen or heart conceived."

The Solace.

When through the desert's arid wastes of old
Journey'd the tribes of Israel, with what strains
Of gratitude the fainting thousands hail'd
Elim's twelve fountains! Underneath the shade
Of the umbrageous palm (Nature's own tent)
They bathed their parched brows. From every tongue
Arose the hymn of praise. The cloudy pillar
Conducted once the parched host beside
One brook less favour'd. Yet, though only *one*,
Elim's *twelve* fountains often seem'd forgotten,
While Marah linger'd in ungrateful hearts.
Bereaved Christian! has thy Covenant God
Placed thee beside some Marah; caused thee drink
Some stream of earthly woe? Say, shall *one* draught
Of bitter trial bury in oblivion
The record of past mercies, — rill on rill

Of providential bounties which were made
To cheer thy path? Oh! rather while thou sitt's
In solitary sadness brooding o'er
Thy brook of Sorrow, let thy mem'ry dwell
On the ten thousand wells of earthly bliss
Which crowd life's retrospect: the Ebenezers,
Each with its own inscription, testifying
To God's unchanging faithfulness and mercy.
Yes; while thy Marah has been only *one*,
Are not thine Elims many? And instead
Of wond'ring at His dealings, rather wonder
The past should teem with pledges of such love
All undeserved! For if His thoughts had been
As are thy thoughts, His ways as are thy ways,
How different its annals! Oh! if sin
Received its due, thy tears would never dry;
If justice had been laid unto the line,
There had been weeping which eternity
Could ne'er have ended!

Hush'd, then, be thy grief.
What, after all, the heaviest of thy pangs?
There might have beat within thy deathless spirit
The pulse of Immortality undone,

And thine awaking from the bed of death
Have been in outer darkness! Pause and think·
Thou might'st have drunk the Marah of despair,
The gall and wormwood mingling in its streams!
Fear not the Marah-fountain, which, in love,
Thy God appoints thee. As His pillar led
The hosts of Israel thither, be assured,
For some high purpose has He brought thee there
And if thou wouldst, like Israel, transmute
From bitter into sweet this pool of sorrow,
Cast in the Tree of Life! Oh! blessed antidote
To every bitter cup and bitter hour!
JESUS! one ray of Thine approving smile
Can change the gloom of midnight into day,
And make the gate of death the gate of Heaven!

But does no solace still remain to cheer,
Mourner, thine alter'd lot? What! has the scourge,
The besom of destruction, left behind
No earthly comfort to support the heart
So rudely swept? And art thou doom'd to sit
Brooding disconsolate amid the dust
And ashes of thy woe? Nay; while thou tunest
Thy mournful Lyre to sing in plaintive strains

Of Judgment, thou canst sing of Mercy too!
Ne'er does the heart, till wounded, prize its bless
ings.
One rill has dried, one source (perchance the chief
Of earthly pleasure suddenly has fail'd;
But streams before unthought of, unobserved
And unacknowledged, claim thy gratitude.
While one beloved tie has been dissever'd,
Are there not hallow'd friendships still surviving,
To mitigate thy sorrows? precious bonds,
Approximating closer by each loss
Of broken links? Are there not many drops
Of mercy mingled in thy draught, enough
To check each rising murmur, and to tell
How much severer might have been thy pangs
Had God so will'd? Consider how He might
Have mix'd the cup with anguish, far beyond
The reach of tears—refusing sympathy!
Ah! there are speechless sorrows, cutting wounds
Too deep for solace!—lacerated hearts
Bleeding in secret over woes they dare not
Confide to earthly ears; and, worst of all,
There is the heaviest of affliction's pangs,
The pang of watching by the dying couch,

At which you dare not feel "To die is gain."
The hopes of Immortality proscribed!
The Spirit ent'ring the realities
Of an undone eternity. Dread thought!
A thousand deaths (if the sweet sleep of Saints
Can be so called) is nothing to *one* such!

Mourner in Zion, then, be comforted:
Thou hast no cause to weep for the departed.
Mourn not their loss; rejoice thou in their gain;
For they are to be envied who have fallen
"Asleep in Jesus." Earthly ties are broken,
Only to draw thee nearer to the Skies,
By everlasting cords of sacred love,
Leading affection to associate
Sweetly in thought a glorified Redeemer
With those now at His side! Repose on Him
Who still vouchsafes unnumber'd benefits.
The Hand that smites is able, too, to heal;
And in His very smiting there is all
A Father's tenderness. Thy cup is still
Full to the brim with blessings infinite;
"Double for all thy sins, thou hast received."
Adore Him for the past, and for the future

Cheerfully trust Him. Thou hadst but a loan,—
No more; and if the Great Proprietor
Sees meet the boon He lent thee to recall,
Becomes it thee to murmur? Rather own
His undeserved kindness, that thou art
Preserved from day to day, and hour to hour,
The monument of God's forbearing love;
That He has not, ere now, pronounced against thee
The Cumb'rer's sentence and his awful doom,
With righteous vengeance, "Swearing in His wrath
That thou shouldst never enter into Rest!"

The Crown.

Oh! blessed Morn, Creation's Jubilee!
The Bridal hour of a triumphant Church!
Birthday of endless glory! when the roll
Of earthly Providence shall be unfolded
Before a wond'ring Heaven; and "in Thy light,
O God! we shall see light." The Night of weeping
Lost in the splendours of a perfect Day!
Floods of surpassing lustre pour'd upon
Dealings inscrutable! The retrospect
Of life's vicissitudes replete with love
And cov'nant faithfulness. Each burden'd tear
Acknowledged needful discipline! The cloud
Whose black'ning front portended while below
Nothing but angry tempest, proved to be
Surcharged alone with mercy in disguise;
The wheels of Providence revolving nought
But good! Each aspect of Jehovah's ways
Causing the heart to bound with holier joy,
The tongue to thrill with louder notes of praise—

An ever-deepening anthem; like the song
Heard by the Seer of Patmos; as Eternity,
With its unending ages onward rolls,
The Hallelujah, syllabled in whispers,
Increases to a deep harmonious swell—
"The voice of many people;" deeper still—
Till, like "the sound of a Great Multitude;"
And yet still deeper—like the gushing noise
"Of many waters;" till the augmenting chorus
Equals the roar of "mighty thunderings,"
And onward rolls the pealing "Alleluia!
Amen! Omnipotent Jehovah reigns!"

"There shall be No Night there!" Oh, cheering thought!
No night of *Ignorance*—which oft on Earth
Gives birth to unbelief, and makes the heart
Refuse to bow submissive to the Rod,
And own its just infliction, because seen
Through a distorted medium! There shall be
No night of *Sorrow* there; no bleeding hearts;
No sudden blighting of life's fairest prospects:
No chilling penury to freeze its bliss!
Tear-drops all dried, and anguish all forgotten;

Or, if remember'd, only like a dream
Or feverish vision of some sleepless hour,
The recollection of the night of woe
Enhancing all the more the joys of morn!
No night of *Death* is there; no sever'd ties;
No rifled households, and no sad farewells;
No tear of Widowhood to dim the eye;
No open'd graves. No night of *Sin* is there;
No more corruptions chaining down the soul,
Hamp'ring its energies, the fertile cause
Of all the suff'rings of a suff'ring world,
Which makes the Christian Pilgrim feel his path,
From first to last, a toilsome battle-field—
No rest till Death discharge him. But in Heaven
The trumpet peal is mute. The warrior there
His armour cast aside—the conflict's done—
The Victory achieved! Faith lost in sight,
And Hope in full fruition! This, *for Ever!*
Oh, wondrous words! Glory to know no end!
Oceans of Joy, unbounded by a shore!
For Ever! 'Tis ETERNITY!—"the life-time
Of the Almighty!"—Christian, thine existence is
Commensurate with that of God Himself!
One Endless Sabbath—and that Sabbath—*Love*.

Teach me to live the heir of such a world:
Thankful to bear my Cross for such a Crown;
Content to steer the shatter'd bark of life
To reach a port like this. And though the past
With warning voice prepares me to expect
The night of trial *here;* yet still let Faith,
Stretching her eye beyond life's dim horizon,
Rest on the brighter shores, and many mansions,
And better Friend above! Be this my beacon,
Wooing me onwards, buffeting the storm—
"Mourner, there is no night of Trial THERE!"

But who can dare to lift the hidden veil
Inscrutable, which hides from mortal gaze
That festival of bliss? "Eye hath not seen,
Nor ear hath heard, nor human heart conceived"
Its wonders. God himself the "All in All!"
The focus of a Light ineffable,
To which, the origin and end of all,
Each lesser ray of glory will converge.
The myriad blood-bought worshippers engaged
In pondering His searchless attributes,
Or mystic secrets of Incarnate love.
For, lo! in midst of the Eternal Throne,

Stands there "a Lamb as if it had been slain!"
Its scars and blood-marks eloquently speak
To an adoring Heaven! The ransom'd throng
Scaling its heights and fathoming its deeps,
Unfolding new discoveries of grace
And mercy infinite! The mighty Problem
Still unexplored and inexplorable,
Elicits the confession—"Oh, the depth!"

Oh! come, sweet heavenly dawn! bright day of peace,
A halcyon reign of cloudless, tearless bliss!
One everlasting summer, with no winter!
No killing frosts to mock the reaper's hopes,
Or mar his joyous song! One endless morning,
Stranger to night! Each ransom'd spirit, like
Some peerless orb of light, up climbing high
A boundless firmament, but ne'er attain
Its full meridian! The Tree of Life
Waving immortal fragrance, and its fruits
Perennial! Each toil-worn warrior
Of earth, his forehead laving with the stream
Which rolls its crystal waters from the Throne
Of God and of the Lamb, there washing off

The blood and dust of battle, and exchanging
The Pilgrim armour for the Pilgrim rest!

Oh, come, thou blessed Haven of repose,
Where not one wave of trouble e'er shall roll!
How do I wish these gloomy waters pass'd,
To feel secure within thy stormless shelter!
Wave upon wave is sweeping over me,
But, oh! thrice blessed thought, they drive me no
Amid the quicksands and the eddying currents
I leave behind: each in succession wafts me
Nearer and nearer to that blissful shore.
Lo! I already see the shining cliffs
And glitt'ring Temples in the dim horizon;
I hear the cadence of no earthly music
Fall on my ravish'd Ear!—It is—it is
The anthem peal of glory! thrilling chorus!
As if ten thousand times ten thousand harps
Were strung to form one mighty orchestra,
Waking the Echoes of Eternity!
O God! I cannot listen to the thunders!——
Hush'd be the music of my earthly strains,
And let the choirs of Heaven take up the song.

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